(Revised Screenplay)

June 4th, 2004

INT. DIVINATION CLASSROOM – DAY

(The incense is thick

like a curtain between reality and dream.

Cups clink.

Students sip tea,

eyes down in their saucers.

Professor Trelawney flutters toward Harry

shawls swaying

bracelets clinking.

Her voice trembles with forced calm.)

TRELAWNEY

Now, dear boy… just a sip.

Then we’ll see what’s waiting for you.

(She sets the cup in front of him with a dramatic flourish.

Harry glances at it,

then away.)

HARRY

I can’t.

(Trelawney freezes mid-blink.)

TRELAWNEY

You can’t?

HARRY

I… don’t want to.

(The room grows quieter.)

TRELAWNEY (with a quick, nervous laugh)

Don’t want to?

My dear,

you must.

are you not a student of Hogwarts?

What are you DOING here then?

The leaves cannot speak unless you drink.

HARRY

Then they won’t speak.

I’m sorry

But I will not

(A twitch passes over her face

— part shock

part suspicion

She leans down

voice lowering but shaking.)

TRELAWNEY

Oh… oh my.

You’re refusing the Sight.

That’s… not wise.

(She straightens abruptly,

her tone turning airy and loud enough for the room.)

TRELAWNEY

Yes… I feel it now.

A shadow on your spirit.

A resistance.

(she gasps abruptly)

how disgraceful

An omen clinging to you like…

fog before a storm.

(Gasps and murmurs break out among the students.

Ron stares.

Hermione glares.

Harry says nothing — just meets her gaze,

Steady,

unshaken.)

TRELAWNEY (fussing with her scarves, half to herself)

It’s always the same…

those with the darkest fate resist the cup… they know.

She drifts away to the next table

but the whisper of her words

hangs heavy over Harry like smoke.

EXT. HOGWARTS BRIDGE – DAY

(The wind hums through the wooden beams.

Far below,

The Black Lake glints in the pale sun.

HARRY sits on the railing’s edge,

staring at the distant hills,

lost in thought.

The sound of footsteps approaches.)

LUPIN

Beautiful view, isn’t it?

(HARRY glances over his shoulder.

LUPIN steps up beside him,

leaning lightly against the rail.)

LUPIN

I find it’s easier to think out here…

away from all the noise inside.

They stand in quiet for a moment,

only the wind speaking.

(LUPIN finally breaks it.)

LUPIN

The dementors —

they’re supposed to be protectors.

That’s what they tell us.

(chuckles faintly, without humor)

Funny thing is… protectors

don’t usually draw their wands toward the ones they’re meant to protect.

HARRY keeps his gaze on the horizon, saying nothing.

LUPIN

On the train… they didn’t just walk past you.

They stopped.

I could feel it — like they’d found something in you

they wanted to smother.

Not just joy.

Not just a happy memory.

Something deeper.

(HARRY’s jaw tightens.

His eyes flick down toward the lake.)

HARRY

Maybe they think I’m someone else.

Sirius Black i assume

LUPIN

Maybe.

But these dementors

They don’t mistake prey.

The words hang in the air.

(HARRY finally glances up,

eyes steady but unreadable.)

HARRY

Then maybe they’re not here for the reason everyone thinks.

(LUPIN studies him for a moment —

sensing there’s more beneath the surface

but not prying.)

LUPIN

well then

Whatever you carry…

guard it.

with all your life

Don’t let them touch it.

(He turns to leave,

his cloak billowing in the wind.

HARRY watches him go,

then looks back at the mountains.

A hawk drifts in the sky —

free,

untouchable.)

_____-

INT. GRYFFINDOR DORMITORY – NIGHT

(Ron is asleep,

muttering something about spiders,

kicking his blanket away.

The sound fades into the stillness of the room.

Harry lies awake on his back,

eyes open in the dim light

He whispers)

HARRY

(softly)

I know You’re here,

But…

I don’t know

i still feel lonely

Ron and hermone

they just don’t understand me ya know

they follow me around

and yes i have you but

i still ache for my mother and father

it’s becoming a problem for me

why can’t this loneliness go away for good?

i can’t go one night

without wishing the warmth of my parents, I would’ve had

i wish i could see your face

i wish i could have you sit here with me

like a father here on earth

I just… I don’t want to feel alone anymore.

i don’t want to feel lonely ever again

(His breath clouds faintly in the cold.)

HARRY

Sirius

If he’s really my father’s friend…

if he’s really all they say…

maybe… maybe he could stay.

(he exhales)

I just don’t want to feel alone anymore

(The wind rattles the window,

but there’s no reply.

Harry’s face hardens.

He hovers over Marauder’s Map on his nightstand,

desperately

he begins drawing it closer.)

EXT. DIVINATION CLASSROOM - MORNING (LATER)

As the students exit,

Ron, walking separately from Harry,

turns to Neville.

RON

She's gone mental, Hermione has.

I mean, not that she wasn't always mental,

but now it's out in the open for everyone to see…

but you

You've been quiet lately.

Everything alright?

(Harry shrugs, eyes on the steps.)

HARRY

Yeah. Just tired, I guess.

Ron studies him for a beat,

Unconvinced.

RON

You sure? ’

Cause I don’t buy the “just tired” thing.

Not from you.

(Harry forces a thin smile,

still not meeting his eyes.)

HARRY

I’m fine,

Ron.

Really.

(A long pause.

Ron exhales through his nose,

giving up — for now.)

RON

alright then

i guess everyone seems mental today, isn’t it

HARRY

(spies Hermione's crystal ball lying on the landing.)

Alright… I’ll put this back then.

(Ron stops, glances at Harry, then moves off.

Harry atches him go,

along with the others,)

EXT. HOGWARTS – BRIDGE – TWILIGHT RETURN

Harry’s footsteps echo softly as he emerges from the castle.

The last light of day stretches across the mountains,

painting the horizon in gold and violet.

He slows, feeling the wind on his face,

the wooden planks beneath his shoes.

The same bridge he stood on earlier,

Harry exhales. His breath fogs in the cool air.

footsteps approach behind him

Light.

Hesitant.

Harry doesn’t turn right away.

A small voice breaks the stillness.

GINNY

hi….

Harry

He glances over.

Ginny stands just at the archway,

fingers twisting the hem of her sleeve.

HARRY (nervously)

Hi.

GINNY

Mind if I…?

She nods toward the railing beside him.

Harry shakes his head.

She steps forward slowly,

stopping a pace away.

For a moment,

they just watch the mountains.

GINNY (quiet)

I… never really got to say it before.

but….Thank you.

Harry chuckles awkwardly

.

HARRY

For what?

GINNY

The Chamber.

For saving me.

Harry shifts uncomfortably,

eyes dropping to the planks beneath their feet.

HARRY

yeah…I just… couldn’t leave you there.

A pause.

The wind tugs at Ginny’s hair.

GINNY

Still.

You did.

And… I think about it a lot.

Their eyes meet for a brief second—

enough to make them both look away.

HARRY

It’s strange.

Feels like that was years ago,

but…sometimes it’s all I can see.

Ginny nods, her voice low.

GINNY

Me too.

They stand in silence.

The hawk arcs high overhead.

HARRY

I don’t know… Sometimes I feel like… this place—

(looks toward the castle)

—it’s more dangerous than it pretends not to be.

GINNY

I know.

You’re not the only one who feels it.

Harry looks at her again—really looks.

There’s something steady in her gaze,

something that feels like home.

HARRY

Do You know Him too?

Ginny glances at him.

GINNY

Yes. I know Him.

Harry straightens slightly, surprised.

GINNY

well

he was all i had

no one really notices me.

I’m the only daughter in the weasley family

but it’s like I’m invisible.

even to my mother

Mum—she’s all warm and charming with everyone else,

but… with me, behind closed doors she’s distant.

Always talking about the Weasley name,

what we can be to Hogwarts

but never me.

as a daughter

Her voice drops.

GINNY

I’d lie awake wondering if life was even worth it…

if nobody bothered to care what I thought.

(She swallows.

Harry leans closer

his eyes begin to tear)

HARRY

so have i

it’s like you’re surrounded by everyone

yet still alone

GINNY

yes…

i feel it everyday

waking up

with a void

that haunts

lingers

everyone tries again and again to pretend

like our family was happy and normal

it was never

HARRY

i know

it’s like putting on a mask

just to survive

GINNY

yess i hated my mask

i knew i was meant for something more

meant to be loved

held

and cherished

but at my home

i felt like a doll in the weasley’s toy box

(harry listens)

Then one day,

i cried out

and Hedwig came to me.

I was alone, and she just… landed right there,

looking at me like she saw straight through me.

She told me I should be going to Hogwarts soon

with my brothers.

Harry blinks.

GINNY

I didn’t want to.

I didn’t care about the “Weasley legacy” or

being the best wizard in the family.

Mum pushes that on all of us,

but she’s never asked me how I felt.

She just… measured how useful I am.

Ginny shakes her head, eyes on the mountains.

HARRY

if it was up to you….

what would you really want in life?

GINNY

all i ever wanted a little place of home

a garden

a few animals

a community of wonderful people

i care so deeply for

(Ginny leans closer to harry

touching his hand without thinking)

no noise

no pretending

just love…..

(harry looks and she lets go and turns her head abruptly

they look at the mountains)

GINNY

But Hedwig… she said I needed to go.

That I’d understand later.

So… I did. And now—here I am.

Harry watches her for a long moment,

a flicker of recognition in his eyes.

HARRY

Guess… maybe we’re not as alone as we thought.

Ginny smiles faintly,

a little shy,

but warmer now.

GINNY

Maybe not.

They stand together in the quiet,

the hawk overhead disappearing into the clouds.

INT. HOGWARTS LIBRARY – NIGHT

The library is nearly empty.

A single lantern glows at the far end

where GINNY sits curled into a chair,

a thick book open on her lap.

Snow taps gently at the tall windows.

From the shadows between shelves,

HARRY steps into view,

hands deep in his pockets.

HARRY

Hey… mind if I sit?

Ginny looks up,

a little surprised, but nods.

Harry drags a chair beside hers.

They don’t speak for a moment

just the soft rustle of pages

and the occasional creak of the old wood.

HARRY

(quietly)

I don’t really know why I came.

(Ginny closes her book slightly,

giving him her undivided attention)

HARRY

It’s just… sometimes,

even knowing He’s with me

I still feel… empty.

Like it’s not enough.

Like I’m… missing something I can’t name.

(He stares at the grain of the table.)

GINNY

I know that feeling.

(Harry glances at her.)

GINNY

It’s like… you’re walking in the dark,

and you know the King is there,

but you can’t hear His footsteps.

And you start wondering

if you’ve wandered too far.

Harry nods faintly, his brow tight.

HARRY

Exactly

you understand

Ginny leans back, thinking.

GINNY

don’t worry harry

When that happens to me…

He always sends a reminder at the right time.

i don’t know how

but somehow it works

(She leans forward a little,

her voice softening.)

GINNY

when you’re alone,

look again.

That’s when He’s closest.

(Harry sits with that,

the words heavier than he expected.)

HARRY

…Not sure I understand.

GINNY

You will.

(She slides her book back into her bag, stands,

and gives him a small, knowing smile

before walking away.

Harry watches her go

the quiet of the library wrapping back around him.)

EXT. BLACK LAKE – SAME TIME – NIGHT

Harry stumbles down to Sirius,

who lies on the water's edge,

now fully a man,

arms and face streaked with lacerations.

HARRY

Sirius!

(Harry looks into his glassy eyes.)

HARRY

Sirius!

(A raw wind tosses his hair.

Chill-bumps pebble his skin.

A fringe of ice crawls over the lake’s edge.

From the trees across the lake,

they appear—oozing like smoke,

faces hidden under rotting hoods

Dementors.)

HARRY

No… no!

(He draws his wand.)

HARRY

Expecto… Patronum!

(A thin, wavering wisp escapes his wand,

trembling like a dying candle flame.

The Dementors keep coming.

Harry presses his hand to Sirius' chest—it heaves weakly.)

HARRY

Stay with me…

(Harry raises his wand again—)

HARRY

Expecto… Patronum—!

(The spell sputters out entirely.

His arm drops.

His breath grows shallow.

The world spins.

Sirius gasps

a SILVER LIGHT spills from his lips,

thin as threads

his spirit slipping away

The Dementors shudder

chasing it

descending in waves.

The Dementors almost take them—

the ground begins to hum.

A distant, pure note

like the sound of a horn over a valley

rolls across the water.

The Dementors freeze.

The wind shifts.

and

BEHOLD

from the edge of the lake,

a figure steps into view

robed in light,

face veiled by eternity.

The air bends around Him.

THE KING

The light pouring from Him sweeps out like a tide,

wrapping around Harry,

Sirius,

and the shore.

The Dementors wail and scatter,

fleeing across the sky like ashes torn from the earth.

THE KING does not look at them

only stands,

the light washing away the frost.

Sirius' breath steadies.

Harry's strength returns.

Harry blinks through the tears burning his eyes…

but when he looks again—

THE KING departed

Only the lake remains,

rippling softly under the moon.)

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL WING – NIGHT (LATER)

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY… out of HERMIONE’S SHADOW,

which ripples against the curtain that encircles Harry’s bed.

A HAND reaches out

— Harry’s hand —

and sweeps the CURTAIN ASIDE.

Ron lies opposite, his leg BANDAGED.

Hermione paces. Stops.

HERMIONE

Harry—

HARRY

I saw… the King.

HERMIONE

What…?

HARRY

He sent the Dementors away…

I saw Him.

Across the lake…

Hermione exchanges a private glance with Ron, then turns back to Harry.

HERMIONE

Listen, Harry.

They’ve captured Sirius.

Any minute the Dementors are going to perform the Kiss.

HARRY

The Kiss…?

HERMIONE

It’s what Dementors do to those they want to destroy.

They clamp their jaws over the victim’s mouth and…

suck out his soul.

HARRY

You mean, they’re going to kill Sirius?

HERMIONE

No. It’s worse. Much worse.

You go on living. But you have no memory.

No sense of self. You’re just a shell.

An empty shell…

As Harry reacts, the door opens and Dumbledore enters.

HERMIONE

Headmaster! You've got to stop them!

They've got the wrong man!

HARRY

It's true, sir.

Sirius is innocent —

RON

It's Scabbers who did it!

(CONTINUED)

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST AT WHOMPING WILLOW – REVERSAL - DUSK TO NIGHT (LATER)

(they look UPWARD,

see the tops of the trees etched against the darkening sky.

BATS fly TOWARD them.

they FOLLOW one,

when Buckbeak snags one.

A tail twitches briefly between his beak,

then—SLURP!—is gone.)

HERMIONE

‘Least someone’s enjoying himself.

(Harry and Hermione sit together in the lengthening shadows.

Harry snaps off a piece of chocolate,

hands it to Hermione.)

HARRY

Hermione…

HERMIONE

Yes?

HARRY

Before.

Down by the lake.

When I was with Sirius…

I did see someone…

that someone made the Dementors go away…

HERMIONE

You mean with a Patronus?

I heard Snape telling Dumbledore when we were taken to the hospital.

According to him,

only a really powerful wizard could have conjured it.

HARRY

No,

It was the King

(Hermione looks at Harry.)

HARRY

It was the King who defeated the dementors.

the one from the vision i talked to you about

HERMIONE

Harry… the King?

(She hesitates, searching his face again.)

is he even a wizard?

that could conjure a patronus?

HARRY

he didn’t

he just stood there

like He

was the light itself

i don’t know I’m just….

i’m just telling you what I saw.

HERMIONE (softly)

if that’s so

then He must have wanted you alive.

maybe He was real.

Harry nods.

with a slight smile.

For a moment,

they sit there — the shadows deepening

around them,

the forest whispering.

Hermione glances beyond the trees, toward the Whomping Willow.

HERMIONE

Here we come.

EXT. BLACK LAKE – REVERSAL- SAME TIME

(A black cyclone of Dementors whirls madly

above Harry and Sirius.)

INTERCUT BETWEEN BLACK LAKE AND EDGE OF FOREST

(Harry watches himself vainly attempt to conjure a Patronus

as the cyclone only continues to grow…)

HERMIONE

This is horrible…

HARRY

Right there… you'll see.

Don't worry.

The King will come…

any minute…

he’ll defeat the dementors.

(Hermione eyes Harry warily.

He is transfixed,

staring hungrily toward the outcrop.

The WIND RISES.

The lake begins to freeze.

WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

One after another,

Dementors drop from the sky,

vanishing into the cyclone…)

HERMIONE

No one’s coming, Harry…

HARRY

He will come!

(She looks.

Nothing.

Desperately, her eyes flash to the cyclone,

to the pitiful sight of Harry and Sirius at the water’s edge

— wracked with pain, dying…)

HERMIONE

No one’s coming!

You’re dying,

both of you… and no one’s coming!

(Harry's face changes.

A riddle unravels.

He draws his wand.)

HERMIONE

Harry, no!

———

(The ground THRUMS.

And suddenly—

A LIGHT ignites the shore.

Hermione gasps, stepping back.

From the Light

a figure steps forward

His face like the sun,

His robe flowing with living light.

The KING is seen

he lifts no wand.

He is the light.

The Dementors SCREAM and scatter into the sky,

dissolving into nothing.

Harry drops his wand,

stunned.

Hermione clutches his arm, eyes wide.)

HERMIONE (whispering)

my oh my

…I have seen the King.

THE KING turns His gaze to them

with LIGHT so bright

you could not see his face

then He vanishes

And Only the moonlight remains.

EXT. HOGWARTS – SKY – FLYING – NIGHT (LATER)

(WHOOSH! Harry and Hermione plunge INTO FRAME astride Buckbeak,

SOARING toward the castle.

Outside the grounds, the Dementors wait restlessly.

Up ahead, Fudge and Snape enter the Dark Tower,

TORCHES in hand.)

HERMIONE (excitedly curious)

You were right, Harry

It really was Him

When did you discover this mystery man?

why didn’t you tell me?

HARRY

I thought no one would believe me.

HERMIONE

(shaking her head in wonder)

I can’t believe it…

I saw His face.

The way He looked at us

like He knew me.

(Harry glances at her)

Yes He did Hermoine

He always have

(He looks ahead — the castle lights glimmering in the night)

Hold on.

(Buckbeak banks sharply,

The wind roaring as they dive toward the castle.)

EXT. HOGWARTS – VARIOUS – DAY

HARRY bursts out of the castle doors, breathless.

He races down the steps two at a time.

INT. LIBRARY – Empty.

Shafts of dustlit sunlight across vacant tables.

Ginny’s usual spot: a vacant chair.

EXT. BRIDGE –

Wind tugs at Harry’s robes.

He scans the length of the bridge,

the mountains beyond… nothing.

EXT. QUIDDITCH PITCH –

Harry slows as he reaches the field.

A lone figure stands at the far end,

near the goal posts,

head tilted up toward the sky.

It’s GINNY.

She senses him,

turning slowly.

For a moment, neither speaks.

Harry’s chest rises and falls with the run,

but his eyes are locked on hers

warm,

childlike,

lit like fire

she understood without him saying a word

Then, without hesitation,

he crosses the last few feet

and pulls her into a hug.

Ginny freezes

surprised

then melts into the warmth,

her cheeks blooming.

and her eyes close,

with a quiet smile

curling at the edges.

FADE OUT